

A. W. Auner, Song Publisher, Philada. Pa.

NOBODY'S CHILD.

See the Song "SOMEBODY'S CHILD."

Music published by COMPTON & DOAN, No. 204 North Fifth Street, St. Louis.

Alone in the dreary and pitiless street,
With my torn old dress, and my bare, cold feet ;
All day I have wandered to and fro,
Hungry and shivering and nowhere to go.
The night's coming on, in darkness and dread,
And the chill sleet is beating upon my bare head.
Oh, why does the wind blow upon me so wild ?
Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Why does the wind blow upon me so wild ?

Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Nobody's child !

Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Just over the way there's a flood of light,
And warmth, and beauty, and all things bright—
Beautiful children in robes so fair,
Are caroling songs in rapture there.
Oh ! what shall I do when the night comes down,
In its terrible darkness, over the town ?
No mother dear upon me e'er smiled—
Is it because I am nobody's child ?

Why does the wind blow, &c.

Perhaps 'tis a dream—but sometimes when I lie
Gazing far up in the dark blue sky,
Watching for hours some large bright star—
I fancy the beautiful gates are ajar ;
And it seems to me from the dreary night,
I am going up there to a world of light,—
Away from the world and the tempest so wild—
There, I'm sure, I'll be somebody's child.

Why does the wind blow, &c.

A. W. AUNER, SONG PUBLISHER,

CARD & JOB PRINTER,